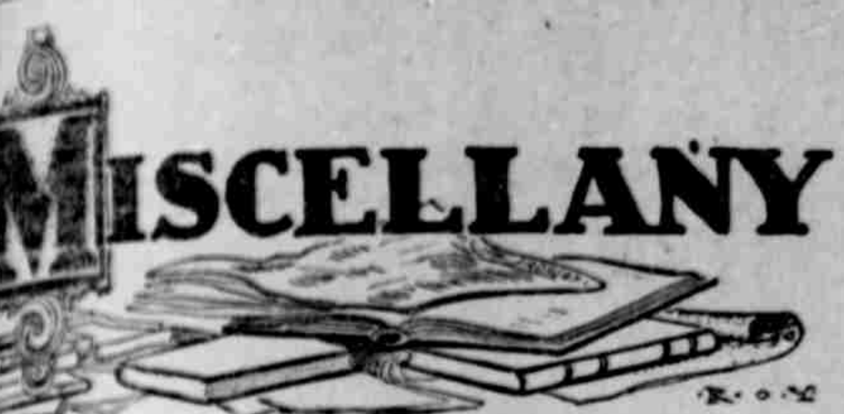

ENGLISH JULY NIGHT.

ught too silver sweet for sleep,
e shine softly bright, and deli-
ate
rough my open window languidly,
mmer perfume on their gentle
from deep bosomed roses. Yon-
gold marks where the sun went
ng glory; and now the rising
her blood-red orb behind these
ger to each other. Silent it is,
ed, save when from the meadow
crake calls her mate, or far
ing bays; so silent that you seem
the growth of all things as the
wn refreshfully, and seem to
of Nature's pulses, and the
stealthily waved with downy
night stillness draws me; I must
y still garden; past the pastures
g of meadow sweet; up this dim
dewy woods, led by the light
en risen moon. A sudden joy—
r of deep delight thrills to my
ne, hid in the mighty haunt
he Spirit whose permanent es-
ll's
ed leaf with living beauty. Here,
he wood smells are sweetest,
the dew
that on the balmy eglantine,
clear drop a soul of fragrance
y trumpets of the woodbine
e dark gloried hollies, where
owers
e pure wild roses strew the
te petals—one might suddenly
quiet scene of elfin revelry.

—John Todhunter.

W LONG WARS LAST.

be interesting to compare the so far, of the present strug- that of some of the great wars nineteenth century.

Spanish-American war will be ed among other reasons, for s brevity, for, begun on April it was over and done with on the same year—a short, sharp nths struggle.

Zulu war lasted eight months, uary 11 to September 3, 1879.

China-Japanese war occupied months—from July 25, 1894 17, 1895.

e and Germany were ten settling their dispute in 1870-

Russo-Turkish struggle lasted months—from April 24, March 3, 1878.

Crimean war lingered for two m March 27, 1854, until March

American civil war has the un- distinction of having been by longest of the latter half of the It began on April 13, 1861, and not restored until May 26,

present campaign in South shall most likely break no other way.—London Mail.

R AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

Richard Croker's neighbors there has been a very feeling of disgust at the at- have been made upon this by one of the London dail- not know Mr. Croker myself no fondness for the political he bosses, but those who into contact with the Amer- ican pronounce him to be one est and most unassuming of ndly, hospitable and charit- showing not the slightest to thrust himself into iety or to "cut a figure" in tion. Neither his politics nor of his views have been ob- his neighbors, nor on any- country. It is alleged, how- with what truth I do not know care) that Mr. Croker has the Boer delegates in America, such lengths is the abuse of for trade or party purpos- rried, that this allegation to sufficient to justify the raising and cry in the London press an American citizen who has the compliment of acquiring a England, and whose conduct has been beyond reproach breach of the laws of hospi- to say good manners, could committed, even in the name ism.—London Times.

POSTER FROM FIJI.

ys Tit-Bits, is the literal, or as possible, translation of a rical poster. The announce- that of an entertainment there given by Mr. J. H. Snazelle, g's island, and appears to inspired by the English act- agent in advance:

ken! Hearken! Hearken!
comes! He comes!
King Merrymaker is Here!
Laugh-Doctor of the Whites,
Who Makes Kings Merry
and Queens Rejoice.
Oh, See This Fun-Fiend
Snazelle!
e Rogo Rogo Vinaka!

l goes on to intimate that the great "rib-tickler," who ntains laugh, whose wheez- ade the blind to see and the walk.

ter is the account of receipts entertainment. Items: 400 300 pearls, 2 sucking pigs, 3 ells, 1 live snake, 75 sharks'

WEBSTER DAVIS' RELICS.

Some Things He Brought Back from South Africa.

Most interesting is the collection of South African relics which Webster Davis brought home with him on his recent trip. He has the word of Secretary of State Reitz, South African republic, that his lion skin, for which he has been offered $8.0, is the biggest ever seen in the district. It was given to Mr. Davis by a missionary. The South African lions are not so handsome and fierce looking as those of India; they have not the great shaggy mane. The coats are quite short. From nose to tail tip Mr. Davis' trophy measures just 126 inches. It was killed by Zulus and shows half a dozen assegai wounds. From Spion Kop Mr. Davis has Maxim shells, bayonets and British shrapnel. At Dundee he got a saddle taken from a British huzzar captain, but immensely more valuable is a black leather saddle cut away at Colenso. It was from one of the horses attached to the eleven guns which Buller lost and to rescue which three men got the Victoria cross, one of them, Lord Roberts' own son, being killed in the attempt, but decorated nevertheless by the queen. Of the plucky battle of Elandslaagte, where General Penn Symons bit the dust and the British made their first stirring charge, Mr. Davis has a huzzar officer's sword, blood stained half way up the blade. Then, too, he has collar ornaments and regimental distinguishing marks, almost all of them being taken for him from poor fellows who lay at his feet and had no use for earthly things.

His Zulu collection is superb, containing as it does three of their curious rawhide shields, assegai with amazing copper wire work in ornamentation. Two sticks, ebony with boar tusk handles, were given him by no less a personage than the sultan of Zanzibar, the royalty explaining that he himself had shot one of the boars. Mr. Davis has about twenty walking sticks as a result of consideration shown him by public men abroad. The other relics come from Madagascar, from the land of the Hottentots, Basutoland and the domain of the justly famous Irish brigade. His photograph of this command shows plainly every man's face. That of Captain Blake, the West Pointer, and native Missourian, is especially good.

Another good picture is that of British prisoners near Pretoria. The British learned of the daily advance of Lord Roberts and would tease their guards about "time to go now, lads." The Boer guards took it good naturedly. When lining up for the photograph, some of the prisoners turned their backs, others held their helmets to obstruct, but one comical fellow, defiant in his adversity, stuck his tongue in his cheek and his thumb to his nose.

According to still another picture Oom Paul is pretty much of an aristocrat. He is shown in his carriage with a crest on the door, coachman in front, and footman riding behind, both in grand liveries, and at either door ride cavalry officers with drawn swords.

THE HOME OF THE PLAGUE.

Why the Dread Pestilence is Bred in Chinese Cities.

One who has seen any of the towns and cities of China wonders little why disease and plague are prevalent. A correspondent lately in China writes that he recently went to Foo Chow, a town near the east coast, which is approached by way of the river Myn, one of the most picturesque waterways in the whole of the Celestial Empire.

Ships have to anchor at the customs pagoda, from which persons are conveyed to Foo Chow by sampan or steam launch, the distance being about ten miles.

Foo Chow is considered one of the most filthy and overcrowded towns in China, and a person landing there cannot fail to notice the fact immediately he sets foot on the shore. Everywhere there are teeming masses of dirty, ragged and half-starved looking celestials. The streets (alleyways would be a better term) are only about eight feet wide, and all metaled or paved with irregular lumps of stone and rock. On each side there are stagnant gutterways, which emit most obnoxious odors, causing one to hold a handkerchief to his nostrils the whole time he has to traverse the roads.

In the terribly hot weather the Chinaman places a plank of wood from his doorway onto the street, across the gutter, and takes his night's sleep, perhaps without a covering, perhaps in the clothes he has not had off for weeks.

Nearly every building is a shop, and outside every three or four places are placed buckets of garbage—in some places holes full of it—which add to the sickening stench of the gutters. Every now and again one hears loud shouting in front or behind him, which is an indication that all on foot must clear the way for some chair carriers, who are carrying upon their shoulders some important personage.

The sight on the main bridge spanning the river cannot be accurately described. Each side was crowded with stalls with goods of every description—dirty-looking, tumble-down affairs. Cripples and beggars were numerous, and there were also lepers. There were men with terrible sores and two Chinamen lay half naked on the roadway, dying. There is a law in vogue in Foo Chow that the first person who shall touch a man who has died in such a manner shall bury him. Very few, however, receive burial if they die on the bridge. The person who is unfortunate enough to touch the dead one waits until dark and them, as the Americans say, "dumps" the departed into the river. Bodies are found nearly every day floating among the shipping or half buried in the mud when the water is low.

KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS.

"Paw," asked Johnny Meeker, "didn't they have a board of lady managers at the World's fair?"

"They did."

"What is a lady manager?"

"Well," replied Mr. Meeker, lowering his voice and glancing in the direction of Mrs. M., in the distance, "I can hardly tell you, my son. I know I am not one."

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

Peaked-Headed Fanatic.—I am an ti-Expansionist, sir, and—

Plain Citizen.—Oh, well! you need not apologise to me; it is no concern of mine.

HOW LINCOLN HELPED HER.

How a Runaway Slave Found Her Husband Again.

The death at the Rhode Island State Institution for the Insane of Nancy Scott, aged 70 years, which occurred during the last week of May, brings to memory a story of Abraham Lincoln which has never been published.

Way back in slavery days Nancy Scott and her husband were slaves on a Virginia plantation owned by one of the prominent and wealthy F. F. V.'s of the commonwealth. Nancy was the trusted housekeeper of the family. While young she was married to a young slave on the same plantation. Her marriage occurred about the beginning of the civil war, and after the first few months of fighting her husband disclosed to her intention of running away and working his way North, seeking a means of livelihood; he bade her remain where she was until he could communicate with her and said that when he became established where he was sure of supporting her he would send for her to go to him.

Months went on until one day a dusky little one came to Nancy's arms. When the baby was a year old Nancy decided to try and escape and travel North, hoping to hear some news of her baby's father. She left her cabin one night at nearly dawn, carrying her little one in her arms, and passed slowly across the country which was the fighting arena of more battles than any other territory in the South. She was trying to make her way to the Potomac river, and there, at some obscure landing, take a boat for Washington. Such a place she reached one hot day. When the boat arrived she went aboard, keeping as much out of the way of the passengers as she could. There was a group of men seated on the quarterdeck. Among them one whose lean, gaunt figure and dark,seamy face somewhat attracted her notice.

When the boat neared Washington she left her place below among the freight and timidly went up to the gangway. The steamer had arrived at her dock and the passengers were leaving, but the group in which the dark, rugged man was seated had not yet dispersed.

Nancy Scott went forward toward the gangplank, but before she had reached it the purser stepped forward, and said harshly:

"Here, you, woman, where are you going? Where's your ticket?"

Paralyzed with fear she hesitated.

"You're a runaway nigger, and you can't go ashore; you go below and we'll see about you later."

But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the tired eyes, came up then and said quietly:

"What is the matter?"

The tears streamed down Nancy Scott's face as she said she only wanted to go ashore; that she was searching for her husband, her little one's father.

"Tell me your story," said the dark man.

In simple words she told him of her separation from her husband, the birth of her child, her weeks of weary waiting, and the eyes of the dark man grew soft with pity.

Turning to the purser he said: "Let this woman go ashore." Then taking her by the arm he walked by her side until the street was reached. Giving her some money he told her to find some decent colored family and make inquiries for her missing husband.

"Tell me your name, sir?" begged Nancy Scott.

"My name, my good woman, is plain Abraham Lincoln," said the man, and turning away, he lifted his hat "just like I was a grand lady," and left her.

Nancy Scott, with the help of the pastor of a church for colored people, found her husband; he had vainly tried to communicate with her many times; he had not dared to go in search of her. He was employed in a hotel and able to care for his little family comfortably.

Later he died, and Nancy found employment with the family of a treasury clerk, with whose family she came North.—N. Y. Sun.

AN ANECDOTE OF GRANT.

The New York Sun has the following interesting letter to the editor:

Your article mentioning the fact that Gen. U. S. Grant was a lover of the game of billiards brings to my memory the time when he was an almost constant visitor to the Metropolitan billiard room, kept by Michael Phelan, in San Francisco, Cal. This was in 1854, and he was then a Captain in the Regular army. Nearly every afternoon or night he would sit as nearly as possible in the same place, smoking a cigar and watching Michael Phelan discounting such players as James Cook, William Thompson, "Dan Lynch," Franklin Lawton, Joseph W. Little and others, who considered themselves first class players.

At that time in San Francisco nearly every game of billiards was played for money, often as much as $500 being put on a single game of 100 points, Thompson frequently betting $1,000, and a friend, "Steve Whipple," invariably stating as they "strung for the lead," "I'll bet $500 on Thompson." One night, Phelan having run out three games in succession from the lead, Thompson not getting a shot, Whipple said: "Bill, don't you think it costs too much to look at him play?" Thompson said: "I think it does," put his cue in the rack and never played with Phelan after. Gen. Grant was a most patient and interested spectator, but hardly ever played and then only with one of the attendants of the room when there were few lookers on. He could play a fair game, but did not like to be seen playing. Once he remarked about his game: "I believe I am even a poorer billiard player than I am a soldier.".

In 1867 Michael Phelan, then a member of the manufacturing firm of Phelan & Collender, was standing in their wareroom in Crosby street, this city, when a military-looking man walked in and said to him, "How are you, Mr. Phelan; I don't suppose you remember me?" Phelan, who never could remember names, said: "Well, I remember your face, but I cannot call you by name." Gen. Grant added: "I am not surprised; it is thirteen years since I met you and that was in San Francisco, where I used to see you play billiards, and I shall never forget the night you ran those three games out on Thompson. I was then Capt. Grant, but now they call me Gen. Grant." He also stated he had not lost any of his love for billiards, but had not had much chance to see any playing for some years, and was thinking about getting a billiard table for his house in Washington. Soon after a splendid table made specially was shipped to Gen. U. S. Grant, Washington, D. C., and Michael Phelan went soon after to see that it was set up properly and play the first game on it with the next President of the United States.

GEORGE E. PHELAN.

New York, June 23.

A CLINCHER.

"I thought," said Brother Williams to one of his backsliding brethren, "dat you wuz comin' ter heah me preach las' meetin' day?"

"Well, suh, I 'lowed dat I wuz, but I got mix up, en los' de way."

"Dat's a mighty po' excuse fer you. Don't de scripter say, ez plain ez day, dat de way is so plain dat even de wayfarin' man do' he is a nat'ral bo'n fool, lak' you, kin fin' it?"

DRIFTING—A TALE OF YOKOHAMA LIFE AND ROMANCE—BY CLEMENT SCOTT

I was trying to keep myself warm on the windy sea front of Yokohama, in Japan. The bare-legged rickshaw men huddled up in dark blue hoods, exposed to the fierce northeasters that swept the "bunds" and "bluffs" of this wind-swept but interesting city, looked as yellow, as bilious, and as melancholy as "human horses" could well look on a Japanese cab-rank. All they wanted was a fare; a fare to warm them, a fare to make them trot and restore circulation to their wiry frames. Again and again I had exchanged the warm, unhealthy, over-heated atmosphere of the Grand Hotel for the blasts and wind storms of the wave-tossed shore.

What wonder that the "boys," the cheery, good-natured idlers of Yokohama, the passengers, the agents, the newspaper men, the interviewers, the business men, and the gamblers of this "inn of strange meetings" should prefer the bar and its merriment of good-fellowship and "cocktails" to the "bar and its moaning" across the dull and wintry waves of the Yokohama sea board? It was a strange experience, but one repeated again and again at every resting-place and treaty port all around the world. If confounded and demoralized by the east wind, I sought the cozy but oven-like hotel, I was certain to be the victim of well-intentioned hospitality, since not to drink with everybody to whom you are introduced on every possible occasion is death to your reputation as a "good fellow," whilst to drink whenever and wherever you are invited to a coterie of companionship is death to your constitution. Show your nose at the hotel bar, and you must do as the bar does; fly from temptation and rush into the east winds outside, and you will be pinned by a circle of rickshawmen who are only too ready to tumble you in the "go-carts" of Japan, to shops, to native quarters, to views, to temples, to china factories, to warehouses of curios, to tattooers, to homes of strange dancers, to tea-houses in sly corners, tea-houses destitute of romance, but overflowing with whiskies and alcohol in its various forms; in fact, to every temptation devised at the headquarters of modern civilization.

I had worshipped Fusiyama from every available prospect; and anxious for still more information, I looked up an old school friend, of Marlborough days, who lived in a handsome house in the European quarter of Yokohama, as befitted one of its leading men. We had parted last in the famous "B" dormitory of the Old house at Marlborough, and we met over a quarter of a century afterwards at a dinner table in Yokohama.

I was boasting to my old school-fellow of the wonderful things I had done in a short space of time; how I had seen Nikko, and Kioto, and Tokoi, and Atami, and a bird's eye view of Japanese life in every shape and form, when the good old fellow put on his considering cap and said:

"But you have not seen old Playfort, who lives on the race course, and is a Yokohama character?"

At once I owned up that the pleasure of old Playfort's acquaintance had been hitherto denied me.

But I was as much in the dark as ever concerning the trade, or occupation, or idiosyncrasies of old Playfort.

My friend at once enlightened me. He was an old English actor, he had seen Edmund Kean, had acted with Macready, and Phelps, had toured and "stocked" in nearly all the best provincial towns of England, had been an actor in America for years, and has now settled down as the landlord of a curious kind of old English inn or shanty on the breezy race course on the hill overlooking Yokohama and the sea.

"But how on earth did an English actor manage to find his way to Japan?" I observed.

"Oh! I don't know; drifted here, I suppose; but he must tell you his story in his own fashion. All I know is that he wants to see you, and that I promised to bring you up on the first opportunity."

That same afternoon my old school-fellow and I drove through an outlying grey Japanese village, and found ourselves at the gate of the "Shakespeare Inn," a curious, embowered, tumble-down old beer house or grog shop, within a convenient walking distance of Yokohama.

The illusion of English home life was kept up in the garden, in the shrubberies, in the miniature arbors of the curious little cottage, so distinct from the dismal bungalows found in a land of paper-covered windows and squeaking shutters.

The pleasant illusion was only lost in the public smoke-room, where shock-headed Japs, and down-at-heel, untidy women, men with scrubbing-brush heads of hair, and girls in frousy-padded "kimonos," also down-at-heel and sloppety, took the place of "Ostler Joe" and the neat-handed "Phyllis" in her pink print gown, so intimately associated with an English Inn.

Old Playfort, the landlord of the "Shakespeare Inn," was undoubtedly a character and a favorite. Every Englishman and Englishwoman in Yokohama was familiar with the old actor. Old stagers were wont to turn in to his best parlor with their wives and daughters on a Sunday afternoon to drink a cup of tea and have a chat with the old man, and the youngsters, the stewards, the sailors, the engineers, the captains, and the mates of every imaginable vessel touching at this Japanese port knew that they could find a drop of wholesome liquor, after a long walk, at the "Shakespeare Inn," kept by an English actor.

I entered the room and was formally introduced to mine host. He was a fine, tall, handsome old fellow, erect with a commanding presence, and a noble voice, hearty and vigorous, like all the old school of actors. When he came across the room to greet me, and to shake my hand, with a strong grip of good fellowship, I could not help recalling the style and the manner of John Ryder.

Actors proverbially love to talk "shop," and those whose living is thrown in with actors inherit the same peculiarity. I must own it was a treat to me, after the long severance from the footlights, to plunge into the kind of conversation that was going on at that moment thousands of miles away at the Garrick, Savage, or Green Room Clubs at home.

Of course his recollections dated back far longer than mine. But we were able to compare notes, at any rate, over the Phelps period and the Charles Kean period of dramatic art, and I certainly from the lips of old Playfort got an insight into the history of the American stage of the last half-century, that strengthened the impressions that I had received from long conversations with actors like Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Edward A. Sothern, and John Sleeper Clarke, who could all tell a story of the stage as well as they could act a part on it.

It was a curious scene: the untidy Japanese women and black-eyed Japanese boys hustling about the inn bar, and so far as they were concerned we might have been talking double Dutch, or Chinese, and here to their astonishment were an old actor and a middle aged critic talking away "sixteen to the dozen" about English dramatic art in far distant Japan.

But before I left he called me aside and said, in a mysterious stage whisper:

"Promise me on your faithful word of honor that you will come up and see me alone before you sail away from Japan. But you must come alone. I have something very important to tell you, something that weighs heavily on my mind, something that you must know."

My school-fellow on our way home helped to enlighten me. Old Playfort had done what so many Englishmen had done in Japan. Possibly for a little bit of money, probably for mere companionship, he had gone through a certain form of marriage with a native woman. She is was who presided over his dingy and uncleanly household. She it was who passed as his wife. The children, half Jap and half European, were hers.

It was the old story; the alliance, such as it was, had been, so far as I could see, a complete failure.

Three distinct cases of mixed European and Japanese unions came under my immediate notice. In not one of them was there any real happiness. Quite the contrary!

Again and again I went up to the "Shakespeare Inn" to see the "grand old man," but always, unfortunately, in mixed company. Everybody liked him, from the highest to the lowest, and the European ladies of the colony were accustomed, with their husbands and brothers, to visit the old actor in his "best parlor," and to listen to his stories and cheery conversation.

On the last day before my ship sailed from Yokohama to San Francisco, true to my promise,I called a swift "jinricksha" and bowled away to the "Shakespeare Inn." The old gentleman was overjoyed to see me, and escorted me to the best parlor, where we could be alone and undisturbed. And there and then he told me the story of his curious vagabond and wandering life.

First of all he told me his real name, or rather quickly identified it with an English actress who is held in universal respect—an old lady now, but one who has pursued her honorable and blameless career in London for over five-and-thirty-years.

It was a sad story of man's weakness and unfaithfulness. Husband and wife had acted together in England, they had toured together in America, and full of love and hope, they had parted—years and years ago. From that hour he had never set eyes upon his faithful and devoted wife. It was a painful story, but he did not flinch in the recital of it. He did not spare himself or excuse himself, but went through it all as if he were in torture or on the rack. In this case also confession seemed good for the soul.

He drifted into American stock companies, drifted into strange society, drifted no doubt into careless ways. The wife was steadily working away at home; he knew where to find her, he knew what a comfort some tidings of the derelict would be to her. But gradually he forgot to write for so many months, soon so many years, that he became ashamed to do so.

And then the iron entered into his soul, and he crowned unpardonable neglect with the recklessness of despair. He determined to die to the world. He would lose himself, become another being, lead a new life, try to forget a past that no doubt haunted and tortured him. The old vagabond spirit took firm possession of him. He bought an old caravan and a horse, and tramped gipsy-fashion from one sea board of America to the other, stopping at miner's camps and ranches to give recitations and Shakespeare readings. He cooked for himself, tended himself, lived for himself, thought for himself. This American Robinson Crusoe had no Man Friday. He was alone, doomed to be alone.

Ever and ever he turned farther and farther away from his home. He did not dare look back. He must pass on and on. So as the years went by he found himself in the days of gold and prosperity at San Francisco.

And so, as the years rolled onward, still frightened to go back, he set sail once more from America, but not, alas! to seek forgiveness in England, but to bury himself still deeper in the dark grave of forgetfulness in far-distant Japan.

Here he arrived strong, well, and hearty; here he tried readings and recitations, here he helped the English amateurs with their private theatricals, here he became a character and a Boniface, here, unhappily, he plunged into new domestic turmoils, and involved himself with fresh liabilities and responsibilities, and here I found him at the "Shakespeare Inn" at Yokohama, an exile from home after some thirty years' absence from the "dear white cliffs of Dover." He concluded this sad story with the following words as he took my hand, the tears still streaming down his handsome old face:

"You are going back to great old England, my friend, but I shall never see it any more. As I had made my bed so I must lie on it. My journey is almost done—I am, as you see, a very old man. Here I shall die ere long, and here they will bury me when I am gone; away from home, from wife, from child; alone amongst strangers, forgotten, as I well deserve to be."

I suggested how merciful, how loving, how tender, and how forgiving good women are; and prophesied a reconciliation with his neglected wife, and a last home in some familiar English churchyard. Let him turn his back on the heathens and come home to die!

But he was not to be moved from his resolution.

"Dear friend I shall never go home, nor do I deserve it; I am an outlaw, an exile, an old derelict, still tossing on the troubled sea of life. But I shall go under and get in no one's way at last." And then he came closer and whispered. "But you must see her, my dear old wife, when you get back to England. You must tell her from me that I love her still. You must impress upon her that I am full of repentance for the evil that I have done. And now, good-bye! and may God bless you, and take you safely home."

He was much affected, but he tottered to the garden-gate still clinging affectionately to my hand.

"Remember, dear friend, this handclasp will be for her. Farewell! Farewell!"

The sun was setting as I went down the hill, and it seemed to pour a golden benediction on the silver hairs of the old man as he stood waving a last good-bye from the shadow of the trees.

But when I turned round for the last time his venerable head was bowed upon his clasped hands. He was weeping and praying for the woman he had injured—the woman whose face he would never see again on earth. And thus my promise is fulfilled.

REMARKABLY GOOD.

"I saw the Bishop sprinting for a car to-day with a bag of golf clubs on his arm. Does he play a good game?"

"Good? You bet it 's good!—goody-good. Why, 'Pshaw!' is about his limit."

WHERE MEN FLY KITES.

This is in China On the Ninth Day of the Ninth Month.

There is one time of the year when every boy would not object to becoming a subject of the Chinese empire for just one day. This time is the ninth day of the ninth month, according to the Chinese calendar. On this day a kite-flying festival is held. Then every Chinaman who has any regard for his spiritual and physical welfare and can afford a kite—and there are few, indeed, who can not afford such an inexpensive trifle—goes to a hill and flies his kite the whole day long. The custom prevails more generally, of course, in the rural districts, for were the inhabitants of a great city like Canton or Peking each to send up a kite the strings would become entangled and the very heavens would be darkened with such a collection of paper and string as never was seen. This custom was originated by a man who had a strangely realistic dream, in which it was revealed to him that some calamity would befall his house on a certain day. Withing to avoid this unknown but inevitable disaster, he took his family to a neighboring hilltop and amused the children by flying a kite. When he returned home that night he found that his house had literally fallen to the ground, thus killing all the dogs and pigs that had been left at home to keep house. That set the fashion, and since then whenever the anniversary of that day comes round other families, remembering the providential escape of their countryman, fly their kites from the hills in the belief that as the paper toys ascend they will carry off the evil spirits that might otherwise demolish their own houses and bury them in the ruins should they stay at home.

REPUTATION AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Few presidents have gained in public estimation by their incumbency. Many have lost. Grant would have occupied a higher pedestal had he remained at the head of the army, and Lincoln and Garfield both died at a fortunate time for their fame. But, wearing and grinding as are the stress and strain, few, if any, have been broken by the tension. The White House has been exceptionally free from tragedies. Taylor died from a surfeit of cherries and milk, and Harrison from a cold contracted by riding bareheaded in a snowstorm up the avenue from the capitol the day of his inauguration. Possibly Polk was the only president who succumbed to the wearisome burdens of his office. He died June 15, 1849, three months after the close of his term, at the comparatively early age of 54.—Ex-Senator Ingalls.

PATRIOTISM AND ECONOMY.

"Father," said the youngest son, "can't I buy some firecrackers for the Fourth of July?"

"No, Gerald," Mr. Tyte-Phist replied. "Save up the paper sacks we get from the grocer, fill them with air, and burst them. They make almost as much noise and they are much less dangerous."

APPROXIMATION.

Bighead.—Is n't it strange the way the nations are acting? Americans express sympathy with Kruger, Canadians with Aguinaldo, and Russians with Cronje.

Wiseun.—Oh! I don't know. That is about as close as Christian nations can get to the divine command. They love one another's enemies.

JUST "USING" THE OLD MAN.

Mrs. Mann—"I am afraid, Martha, young Mr. Styles is not altogether correct in his habits."

"Oh, you think that because he and pa are such good friends; but after we are married I shall insist upon Char having nothing to do with pa."

HIS WISH.

The slim boarder looked down at the measly strawberries.

"I wish I had your grit."

Presently he did have it.

There was one occasion when Sir Henry Irving received from one of the supernumeraries of the Lyceum Theater in London an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way. "Can't you say it better?" shouted Irving; "repeat it as I do." And he gave the words with dignity with all his well-known dramatic force. "If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I shouldn't be working for twenty-five shillings a week."

Upon beholding some life-like snapshots of himself for the first time in the papers during the campaign of 1892, the day after he had spoken in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Senator John Sherman is said to have remarked to a friend: "Well, well, our time for criticising the newspaper men is over. They have us to rights now. Here I am just as I am, and I'm a caricature of what I have always thought I was."

The watering-carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent-medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day, and remarked: "Faith, it's no wonder D—— is healthy, when they water the streets with Jones's sarsaparilla!"

Consistent, at any rate: "Why, Dolly, where's Marie? I thought you were playing circus." "Well, she got mad and went home, 'cause I wouldn't give her any peanuts. I was the monkey and she was the tiger, and tigers don't eat peanuts."—Bazar.

"In England they say a man 'stands' for office. In this country we say a man 'runs' for office. Why is this?" "Well, the principal reason is that if a man 'stood' for office over here he'd never get one."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Wife—"Oh, John! I was shopping at Joblotz to-day, and I saw just the sweetest thing there—" Husband (diplomatically)—"Yes. That's a great scheme of Joblotz to have mirrors all through the store."—Philadelphia Press.